

C N CALLING

If ye break faith
with us who die
We shall not sleep,
though poppies
grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

Number 1087 JANUARY 20, 1940

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**EBENEZER
AND
BENJAMIN**

See page 7

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A SWORD THAT WILL NOT STRIKE AGAIN

See Page Seven

CHRISTIANITY CALLING

Are You Listening?

It is when we are passing through the fires that we are tried and tested. How do we face the storms of life?

Battered and beaten by fate, tossing on a sea of trouble, are we broken by emotions or sustained by an inward calm? Do we believe that this outer world about us, the material fabric of our civilisation, is the world itself or the expression of something that has made it?

In the Balances

If we believe that the things we see are the world, that when we look at the dome of St Paul's we are looking at a thousand tons of brick and wood and lead and stone and nothing more, we shall be cast down by the threat to these things and the menace of the spirit of violence will break us. But if we believe that behind these things is something greater than them all we shall be tranquil under the blows of fate, for our anchor will hold fast to the very foundations of the world.

It is now that each one of us is being tried in the balances of God. Are we found wanting, or are we equal to the strain of the pitiless pressure that falls on every human life today? Upon that depends the issue of these days.

It is not fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians that we shall win the war. We are free to lose it or to win. It will not be won for us by the Government or by some force outside ourselves into which we have put our strength. We must be winning it all the time by the exertion of the secret power within us which alone can make us strong. It is not our money, our strength in armaments, our strategic positions at sea, our mastery of the air, our Maginot lines, that will save us—powerful as they are they cannot conquer in themselves.

Faith Our Sure Shield

It is our faith in the eternal laws of God that will uphold us till the Victory comes. It is because we fight against evil things with the consciousness of justice that we shall win.

It is this faith that is our secret power, our sure unfailing shield; and this faith resides, not in Government Departments, not in military or naval or aerial forces, not in the high tradition of British policy, but in every individual in our Islands, in you and in me.

If for one day the common people of these Islands lost their faith in God the cause of Freedom must perish.

We are what we are in the world because we believe what we believe. Without Christopher Wren and his inspiration there was no St Paul's; without the common people of this country and their inspiration there is no conquest of the evil things that are threatening our existence. In quietness and confidence shall be our strength. It is the spirit within us that counts, that makes us gentle people loving mercy and truth and humanity or brutal people caring nothing for these things.

And now it is Christianity, the supreme source of our strength, that calls to every man upon this earth.

Among earth's thousand voices we must listen to the Still Small Voice that comes within. Leave the clamour of the world outside. Go to the quiet place you love—the little wood, the country lane, the garden path, the fireside—and listen. The Creator of the World will speak to you, He who will overthrow all evil powers.

Seek First the Kingdom of God

It is in the faith that we are on God's side that we must go forward, that we must remain calm through all these storms, patient through all trials, steadfast against all temptation. We must refuse to leave the path laid down for us. We must seek first the Kingdom of God and believe that all other things will be added unto us. We must accept the law of God as the master of our lives. We must believe that religion is the strength and stay of nations as well as the comfort of the fatherless and the widow. We must put away all bitterness and wrath and clamour and evil-speaking and be kind to one another. We must put an end to all selfishness and wish for others (for friends or enemies) the abundance of the blessings that come to us.

We must seek no selfish purposes, but must be willing to accept whatever sacrifice is needed if the seeds of happiness are to be sown and to flourish to the widest ends of the earth. It may be that a new kind of life will be awaiting us, that we shall lose much that we hold dear; but our reward will be the joy of sharing happiness with all about us. If we can lessen the burden of sorrow in the world, the weight of oppression and injustice, the haunting anxiety of the future, the pathetic insecurity of the poor, the fear of small peoples, the envy of great nations, the unequal distribution of good fortune, the success that will come to us will be beyond all measuring.

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An evacuee feeding gulls on the Sussex coast

THE TALE OF A WOMAN FAST ASLEEP

WE must hope that somebody is making a good collection of all the dramatic and wonderful things that happen in this strange war.

One of them has just been brought to mind by the appointment of the Chief Officer of the Athenia as an officer of the Order of the British Empire. He is now Chief Officer Copeland, O B E.

The Athenia was torpedoed in the darkness on the first day of the war, 128 people being drowned without warning. But 750 were saved by the 26 lifeboats as the ship was slowly sinking, and it is the story of one of these that comes to mind.

The Chief Officer was picked up by a vessel of the Navy, and in this fortunate moment for him he realised that a woman who should have been in his boat was missing. He himself had carried her to the sick bay earlier

in the day, for she was ill and unconscious. There she lay on the sinking ship knowing nothing about it all. She would have gone down in her deep sleep without any pain.

But that was not to be, for Chief Officer Copeland was not that kind of man. He had sent two men to fetch her when the explosion occurred, but only now, when he and they were safe, did he learn that they had not been able to save her. He begged the captain of the warship to give him a boat, and with the boatswain and one seaman he went back to the Athenia, boarded it as it was sinking, found the woman still unconscious, and brought her safely to the warship.

Of all this tremendous adventure the sleeping woman knew nothing. The Athenia sank soon after, but she was now safe with the British Fleet, the sure help of all in peril on the sea.

WHY NOT MINISTER FOR PEACE?

Mr Hore-Belisha

The CN was among the first newspapers to hail the growing influence of Mr Hore-Belisha in national affairs; we remember urging him long ago not to let them move him from the Ministry of Transport to make him Prime Minister or anything of that sort.

Since then he has gone far and his name stands all over the world as a symbol for energy, enthusiasm, and devotion to a noble ideal, for he has reformed the British Army and brought into the Government a memorable example of that high public spirit without which no government can live. It would be excellent for all of us if there could be a dozen such men in high affairs today, and the whole country expects that Mr Hore-Belisha's resignation as War Minister will be rapidly followed by an opportunity for him to achieve distinction in some new office. Why not from War Minister to Peace Minister? We remember his writing to us from the War Office years ago that he loved to think of himself as Minister for Peace.

Something Good in the Worst of Us

In Turkey's hour of desperate need the worst stood side by side with the best to help the helpless.

In one of the shattered towns 50 convicts were released by the destruction of the prison. Gaol birds, criminals, what could be expected of them?

This is what they did. They formed a rescue squad and slaved night and day amid the devastation, digging men and women from the houses shaken down into heaps of bricks or mud. They carried the old, the maimed, and the blind to places of safety. These 50 men saved 1000 lives, and not one of them attempted to escape.

What should be done for these poor bad men, who, when the hour came, acted in the highest spirit of the faith in which they were born, which exalts to the highest "the merciful, the compassionate"? The Turkish Parliament gave the answer. A special Act was passed to set them free!

*How far a little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.*

May the good deed of these fifty men light up for them the way to peace and happiness and good living.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Cost of Living Index. Every month the Ministry of Labour issues a statement on the rise or fall of the cost of necessities for a typical working-class family, stating the percentage relative to their cost in July, 1914. The retail prices of food, rent, clothing, fuel and light, and so on are examined in preparing the statistics which are important because wages are based on them.

Summer Time. It is proposed to introduce Summer Time at a much earlier date than usual this year, for the same reasons that it was prolonged to November 18 last year. This plan of putting forward the clock so as to obtain an extra hour of daylight at the end of the normal working day was long advocated by Mr William Willett and was adopted by Parliament in 1916.

Wishful Thinking. This much-used phrase was invented by students of the mind to explain a man's belief that events would turn out in the way he wished them to, and not as they normally should. Though often harmful to logical reasoning, wishful thinking may inspire the thinker to overcome abnormal difficulties to achieve the object of his wish.

A Free Press or Spies in All Our Streets?

JOURNALISM has honoured itself by presenting Mr J. A. Spender with a special badge of office as Charter President for the Jubilee Year of the Institute of Journalists. There will be a jubilee service at St Bride's in Fleet Street on March 3, but the badge has already been presented to Mr Spender in the Hall of the Institute.

We are sure that Mr Spender, in his great modesty, will feel that, as Journalism has honoured itself in this appointment, it has also honoured Mr Spender. All the newspaper-reading world knows that he is King of Fleet Street, and that his is perhaps the best-informed mind in England on European affairs. For more than half a century Mr Spender has been at the heart of things, in touch with the mainsprings of public life, and though he has been all his life an enthusiastic party man, Liberal to the core and unflinching in its advocacy, he has never lost the highest of all virtues—the devotion to truth and the honesty of a judge of the Supreme Court.

In his speech of thanks to the Institute for choosing him as Jubilee President Mr Spender asked us to believe that our free Press is one of the impressive spectacles of the nation.

Contrast it with the German propaganda, which has become a laughing-stock and has destroyed German credit in the world.

Nothing we can conceive is beyond our reach if we will realise that the glory of the world is enough for all.

If we build up our own lives on faith in God, if we pursue our way with hope, if we live with all in charity, these three will bring us peace. If we build up our own nation on these everlasting things its power will be as a rock and its spirit cannot break. No mean thing will be able to exist in our own lives or our own borders. No craving for power, no desire for domination, will possess us. We shall seek justice and pursue it. We shall banish all unworthy aims and thoughts. We shall resent no honest claims for justice and equal liberty from wherever they may come.

The State is Ourselves

If, in all our lives, we seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, we shall wish our nation to seek the same ends. We shall use our utmost endeavours to lay a Christian foundation for the State.

The State is ourselves; what is wrong in the State is wrong in our own lives. It is we, the common people of the land, who will build up the new world after the war, the new England, the new Britain, the new Empire, and the new Europe. It will be what we make it. Are we beginning now? Are we building up among ourselves the feeling of brotherhood? Are we banishing hatred and prejudice and envy and all uncharitableness from our own lives? Are we preparing ourselves for whatever sacrifice may

In contrast with this (says Mr Spender) it can be claimed for our free system that it gives the world the means of judging for itself, and provides the Government with a mirror of opinion enabling it to dispense with the spying, informing, and persecution by secret police which curses the countries in which the free Press is extinguished. The free Press gives virtue and value to our other liberties. Without it Parliament would be a secret debating society and the Law Courts would be Star Chambers. There would be no liberty of talking if the liberty of writing were taken away. The liberty of the Press is everybody's liberty.

That is one of the supreme truths we cannot remember too often. We can have free newspapers and free speech, or spies at all our street corners, and we have made our choice for ever.

A Cat May Look at a Mouse

A New Forest correspondent tells us that the other Sunday many passers-by paused before a corn merchant's shop and laughed. Staring in at the window from her perch on the sill, mewing excitedly and scratching at the panes with her sharp claws, was a big cat, while on the inner sill, behind the glass, a sleek little mouse was sitting up on his hind-legs calmly drinking from the slowly-melting icicles on the window and taking no notice of pussy whatever.

Circumstances alter cases, as Aescop would say if he had written this story.

CHRISTIANITY CALLING

Continued from page 1

come—for the loss of a big house, a fine garden, a motor-car, it may be, and for life with simple comfort and fewer luxuries than of old?

Are we willing to share the prosperity of the past so that happiness may be widespread in the future? Are we reconciled to the thought that life may be a little harder for us and a little easier for others? Can we spare the little vanities that have meant so much? Can we give the world a little more and take a little less? Can we live a little less selfishly and a little more Christianly?

The Brotherhood of Man

If so, there is hope for the new world that is building itself already in the hearts of men. There is hope for the foundation of a Christian Peace for Europe which will lead to the beginning of the Brotherhood of Man. If its seeds are sown in our hearts now the harvest will be reaped in a world transformed.

The moral leadership of the world by a Christian nation will be a spectacle unparalleled on earth and will banish from it not only wars but the evils that make wars.

As streams grow into rivers and rivers run to the sea, so our little lives, hour by hour and day by day, make up the rivers of influence that swell into the vast ocean of life. The boundless world with its unfathomable glory, its infinite opportunity, its treasure of happiness all untold, is in your keeping and mine. The future of our dreams is what we are making it now. Christianity calling: are you listening?

ARTHUR MEE

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A man ringing up the Bishop of Bradford to ask if he could call, rewarded the bishop by handing him £2500 in banknotes.

Wool for knitting for the troops can be bought at 5s 3d per pound (much cheaper than in the shops) if the knitted goods are sent to the Methodist Home Mission, 1 Central Buildings, S W 1, at which address the wool may be obtained.

Over a million Savings Certificates are now being sold every working day.

Among the new devices for relieving the difficulties and dangers of the Blackout are luminous leads for dogs.

We are now spending nearly £117,000,000 a year on our Public Health services, more than the total budget of many European countries.

Last year lifeboats were launched 677 times and 1356 lives were saved round our coasts, record numbers in the history of the lifeboat service.

Before the war scrap silver paper was making only 16s per cwt. It now realises 24s.

The first Eton College tuckshop is closing down after 200 years.

The wife of the Finnish Minister in London is collecting skis, sticks, and furs from winter sports enthusiasts, to be sent to Finland.

The men of the Achilles voluntarily gave up a day's pay to raise £200 for the families of their lost comrades.

When our Ambassador flew from Buenos Aires to Montevideo to congratulate Admiral Harwood he took £1000 from the British community for the families of those killed in the battle.

"In admiration of the way British seamen are performing their duties during very difficult circumstances," a cheque for £2535 has been given by Greeks in London.

A Bolton audience has enjoyed a one-act play in which not a word was spoken, for the play was given by the Bolton Deaf and Dumb Society.

Guide and Scout News Reel

The Guides of Rothley, Macaulay's birthplace near Leicester, have raised £11 for the Polish Guides at a Bring-and-Buy Sale.

The Germans have shot 132 Polish Guides and Scouts.

Polish Guides in France are making a very interesting experiment in substituting badge-work for school lessons.

Twenty Polish Guides having escaped to Hungary, a home-centre is being planned for them there.

The gift of a mobile canteen to the Church of Scotland has been made on condition that it should be run by Girl Guides.

Eastbourne Guides have been lent a kitchen-garden and are learning to dig for victory. They hope to keep all their families supplied with vegetables throughout the coming year.

Montreal Scouts work all the year round on doll-dressing and doll-repairing, but they are glad to call on the Guides for the dressing of the dolls!

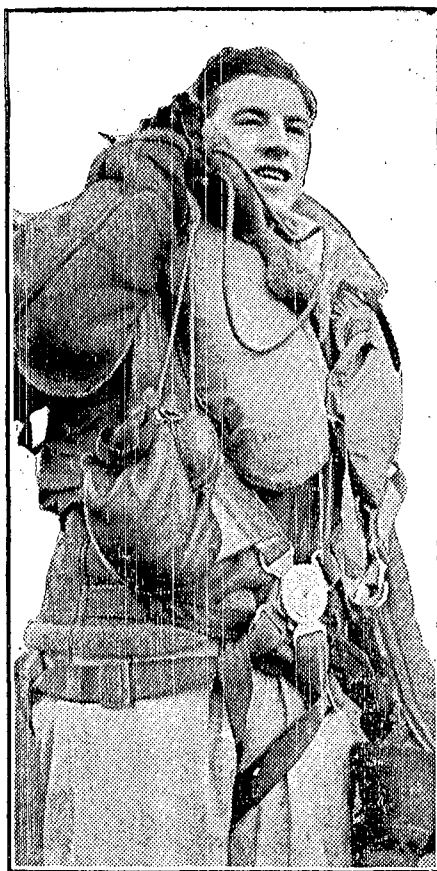
London (Ontario) Cub Packs are specialising in making new picture blocks of old jigsaw puzzles.

THINGS SEEN

Loudspeakers on Australian farms to frighten the birds away.

A man calling at the Bristol Hospitals office, putting £105 on the desk, and hurrying away unknown.

Buttercups blooming in a field at Romiley in Cheshire.

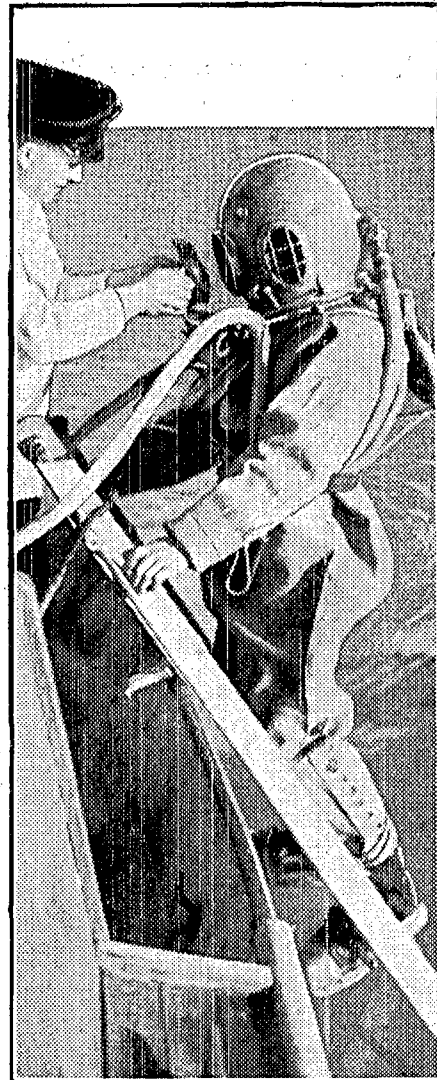


Going Up and—

This picture of a Royal Air Force pilot shows how men going out for patrols over the North Sea wear very thick warm clothing and have a mass of equipment such as parachutes and lifebelts in case of a forced descent.

Below, a Royal Navy diver is seen about to make a descent at a naval diving school.

—Going Down



Houses of Diamonds

WE all know the story of Hansel and Gretel, who, after wandering in the forest, came to a cottage made of bread and cakes, with window panes of sugar.

One of our proverbs, too, tells of glass houses and warns people who live in them not to throw stones.

Now, from Sierra Leone, the White Man's Grave of the last century, comes this true story of houses made with diamonds.

Not long ago the geologists discovered that the soil of this almost unknown tropical forest was rich in iron, in gold, and in that most valuable of all metals, platinum. There were also some diamonds.

It was thought, however, that the supply of diamonds would soon be exhausted, so it was decided to build

only temporary houses for the workers. These houses were made, after the native fashion, of mud bricks, and in these mud houses, both European and native workers lived while they searched for diamonds.

As time went on it became clear that the supply of diamonds was far greater than had been supposed, and that it would take years to obtain this vast unexpected treasure, so that it was decided that better houses must be provided. Soon a town of good weather-proof houses was built.

The next step was to demolish the old mud houses, and it was only then that the people discovered that the very mud they had used for their bricks was full of diamonds and that they had literally been living in houses made with diamonds!

THE BATTERY BUSINESS

The bicycle is invaluable to the workman. He rides on it to and from work; it helps him to find a new job.

This winter many workmen have had to ride home in the Blackout, yet they have been unable to obtain batteries for their lamps. One workman at Brentford came to be summoned for not carrying a light, and pleaded in vain that he had spent 20 minutes making the round of the local dealers trying to buy a battery. There were no batteries on sale. His plea did not avail, and he was fined.

Cannot the Government, which orders men to carry lights see that batteries are available for us to light our lamps?

ROBERT MOFFAT'S GRANDSON

With the death of Malcolm Moffat at his missionary station of Kalwa in Northern Rhodesia the work of three generations of devoted service to the natives of Africa is being recalled with gratitude.

The Revd Malcolm Moffat was born 70 years ago, son of John Smith Moffat, missionary to the Matabeles in 1859, and grandson of Robert Moffat, the Scottish gardener who went to Africa in the year after Waterloo and there, with his wife Mary, spent 54 years introducing Christianity and civilisation to the natives. Robert was the great friend of David Livingstone, who married his daughter.

A SCHOOLBOY FINDS A GIANT'S SHELL

A schoolboy reader of the C N was going for a walk near Mablethorpe the other day when he saw a curious object lying on a dump. He picked it up and carried it home, and found it to be a fossilised clam shell over a foot round, the home of a creature which lived in British seas when they were far warmer than now.

Giant clams are common today in coral-reefs, where the edges of their deeply fluted shells are dangerous to the feet. These beautiful shells are often to be found in churches abroad, the famous Paris church of St Sulpice having two valves weighing over 500 pounds, used for holding consecrated water.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of 1915

The Soldier's Heart. A beautiful story is told of a wounded British officer who was in the trenches with a Frenchman.

"You have been badly wounded, comrade," said the Frenchman. "It is nothing," said the other. "The Germans sought my heart, but they have not found it. I have given it to France."

THE PLANE IS TEACHING THE BIRD

Carrier pigeons are much used on many aeroplanes in order to send messages when other means fail.

Birds which are used to being flown from a plane know by experience that there is a violent down-draught of air under the plane, and accordingly fold their wings and let themselves drop like stones until they reach calmer regions.

Newcomers, on the other hand, find themselves in a whirlwind and are much battered before they can escape.

FREE FUEL

If you want an abundance of firewood you should look under big trees like oaks, elms, and beeches. How many people realise that it is the normal habit of trees to cast a big proportion of their twigs each year? If they did not do so the boughs would become so thick that there would be no room for the foliage to develop. These small branches come down freely in the late autumn, and make excellent firewood.

BACK TO SCHOOL

In London alone over 70,000 evacuee children are now home again, and no small part of the child population is in danger of going without education.

At the L C C Miss Fulford moved that as about half the school population is now back sufficient schools should be opened to arrest the serious injury caused by lack of schooling and occupation. She complains that what is mainly proposed is half-time education for children over 11.

A SANDWICH

Mr Harold Burum is a man of his word. A teacher of journalism at Santa Maria high school in California, he startled his pupils the other day by offering to eat his hat if they ever got the school paper out on time.

The students thought this was too good an opportunity to miss. They made a mighty effort and, for the first time on record, had the paper out on time.

Then they called on Mr Burum. He had his straw hat ready, and before their eyes he broke it into little pieces, mixed liquid with it, spread the mixture between bread, and ate it as a sandwich!

THE POOR WHALES

The rising price of whale oil reminds us of a story which used to be told when gas-lighting became more prevalent and the demand for whale oil decreased. Commenting on this a dear old lady is supposed to have said: "And do you know, we are all burning so much gas that very little whale oil is needed. It worries me, for I can't think what the poor whales will do now."

The Eynsford Sparrow

PERHAPS it may seem curious that a sparrow flying about a Kent village in the last days of last century should be remembered now, but we have received a letter about it from the other side of the world.

The letter has come from an old friend of the C N who used to live in Kent and now lives in Brisbane. His father was a donkey boy at Lullingstone Castle and his grandfather lived for 54 years in a cottage at Eynsford, overlooking the River Darent. The grandfather was paralysed and so kept to his bedroom, and one day there was brought to him a hedge sparrow which had been deserted in the nest. They saved its life and put it in a cage to keep grandfather company. Opposite the house was an orchard,

and the time came when the sparrow was set free from the cage and given the freedom of the room, being allowed to fly through the window and mix with the other birds in the orchard. It would always come back, and if grandfather was reading the sparrow would perch on his shoulder and peck his ear till notice was taken of him. The vicar of Eynsford declared that he had never known a case of a sparrow forming such an attachment to anyone and he was probably right. When the sparrow died soon after they laid Grandfather Stockwell in the churchyard, his friends had the bird stuffed and the naturalist who stuffed it said that, though he had been in business 40 years, he had never known a sparrow being preserved in this way.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 20 1940

A GOOD NIGHT'S
REST

IN these disturbing times a good night's rest is worth a king's ransom.

We cannot always be sure that when we go to bed we shall sleep soundly and wake refreshed, for our bodily condition has much to do with how we sleep. Yet it is true that the mind has still more to do with it. It was Paul who said long ago what our psychologists have lately been telling us—that the way we go to bed decides how we get up. That is to say, if we go to sleep with unpleasant thoughts we shall wake in a bad temper. Paul did not put it like this; he said: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

How can we be fairly sure of a good night's rest? There is an old tale of a farmer who was awake all one stormy night, afraid with every gust of wind that his stacks would blow down. In the morning he upbraided one of his labourers. "It's a strange thing," he said, "that while I am out of bed keeping watch on the stacks, you can lie there sleeping through the storm." "Yes," replied the labourer, "but, you see, sir, I knew the stacks were all right; I thatched them."

The man who had built and thatched the stacks had done his best and was content.

It seems to us that anxious, fretful, nervous, overwrought people today might win back something of their own calmness of spirit if they could go to bed to sleep. The way to do it, as a rule, is to do what you have to do in the day, and do it well, and when you go to bed to put yourself in God's hands, lie down, and go to sleep.

It is not always so simple, but this attitude of mind, this trustfulness of spirit, this ability to do our best and leave it at that, does help us to a good night's rest.

A Prayer For Our Airmen

O Love that guards the vaulted sky
Beyond the range of human eye,
Keep Thou within Thy mighty care
All those who ride the boundless air:
Uphold them, safe from war's alarms,
Within Thine Everlasting Arms.

O Life at whose most sacred Birth
The sound of wings was heard on earth,
Bless Thou the wings that will not cease
To serve the heavenly cause of Peace:
Uphold them, safe from war's alarms,
Within Thine Everlasting Arms.

O Lord of righteousness and power,
Protect our Airmen through each hour;
In life or death be with them still,
And strengthen them to do Thy will:
Uphold them, safe from war's alarms,
Within Thine Everlasting Arms.

Ierne Ormsby



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

Sacrifice

THE war is more than a fight between the Allies and Germany. It is a fight between right and wrong.

That many people the world over feel this to be the truth is shown by the fact that Sir John Simon is continually receiving contributions to the Exchequer from men and women who are anxious to do all they can to support the Allies.

A woman who called at the Treasury the other day had tears in her eyes as she handed over a valuable necklace. Another woman has sent the Chancellor of the Exchequer her engagement ring, two elderly women have sent five sovereigns after keeping them for years, and another gift is a bag of change from a family's summer holiday.

Tennyson to Fleet Street

O YOU, the Press! what good from you might spring!
What power is yours to blast a cause or bless!

You hide the hand that writes: it must be so,
For better so you fight for public ends;
But some you strike can scarce return the blow;
You should be all the nobler, O my friends.

Gone to Lunch

AN interesting tribute to the value of a break in the day's work at lunch-time comes from the United States, the home of experiments in improving industry.

In the Western Electric factory at Chicago the average output of the workers when lunch was provided by the firm was represented by a figure of 55 per hour throughout the day.

When the employees provided their own lunch, and had therefore a break during the luncheon hour, and consequently a change from their dull routine, the figure rose to 66.

This rate was maintained for four months and was a record. It seems, therefore, that all work and no play really does make Jack a dull boy.

Going to Work

ONE motorist seen not long ago in Scotland has found an original notice for his car; having no priority claim to make for it, he put himself in the fashion by printing a card for the back of the car saying, *Man going to his work.*

Children Out of Care

A PROBATION officer of East Suffolk reports that "we have got a wave of crime due to schools being closed and part-time schools."

This is not to accuse the majority of children of misbehaviour, but it is true that for lack of normal control in school and home a minority of children have suffered seriously through the loss of healthy discipline. The Ministry of Health and the Board of Education have a great responsibility at this time.

From Our Postbag

I HAVE just passed my 78th milestone but I don't believe it.

A Baptist Minister

Later and Later

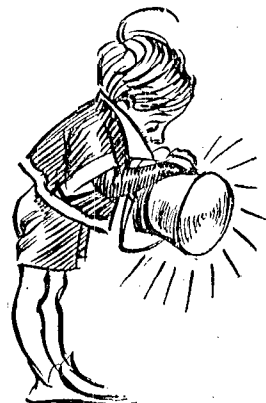
IN the last fifty years the nation has grown later and later in its use of the day.

What was once a morning performance at the theatre now takes place in the afternoon yet is still called a matinee. We begin work at nine or ten in the morning, but we might well start soon after dawn. As the scientists have given us better artificial light, we have turned night into day and therefore become too tired to get up at an early hour.

Certain it is that we waste enormous sums of money by going late to bed and getting up late. Why not smaller electric light bills and better health by starting earlier? It is still true that early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

JUST AN IDEA

How often should we remember that there is nothing more contagious than the spirit of friendliness.

Peter Puck
Wants to KnowIf clock-making is
an all-time job

Under the Editor's Table

STREET hawkers say it isn't so easy nowadays for people to find a copper. If they show a light a copper will soon find them.

A CERTAIN officer is six feet three. Ready for a high command.

MOTORISTS are not allowed to park at night on the wrong side of the road. That's right.

PUNCTUALITY is a lost art. But many people get things on tick.

THE healthy boy gets fun out of everything. Especially out of school.

MORE reading has been done since the outbreak of war. Even Hitler has been brought to book.

SOME people like music that goes with a bang. We don't mind, so long as that sort really does go.

A THANKSGIVING

BEFORE the winter's haunted nights are o'er,
I thankfully rejoice that stars look down

Above the darkened streets, and I adore
The Heavens in London Town.

The Heavens beneath which Alfred stood, when he
Built ramparts by the tide against his foes,
The skies men loved when in eternity
The dreamlike Abbey rose.

The Heavens, whose glory has not known increase
Since Raleigh swaggered home by lantern-light,
And Shakespeare looking upward, knew the peace,
The cool deep peace of night.

Under those Heavens brave Wesley rose betimes
To preach ere daybreak to the tender soul;
And in the heart of Keats the starry rhymes
Rolled and for ever roll.

I too have walked with them the heavenly ways,
Tracing the sweet embroideries of the sky,
And I shall not forget, when arcs shall blaze
And all the lights are high.

Edward Shillito

The Funny Side of It

By The Pilgrim

WE talked with him while travelling by bus.

His wife, it seems, is unable to leave her room. Life was dull for her before the war, but is duller now than ever. Fewer call to see her, newspapers are less cheery, the wireless is less varied. Even when neighbours look in the conversation is in danger of becoming disturbing.

So worried was her husband about all this that some weeks ago he decided to find some way of brightening life for her. He found a very simple way.

One day he went home with a big exercise-book, on the cover of which he printed: *The Funny Side of the War.*

His wife was puzzled, but as her husband began explaining the idea she smiled and nodded, a new light shining in her tired eyes. "Yes," she said, "of course I'll do it. It's a splendid idea. I ought to have thought of it myself."

"Since then," went on the gentleman in the bus, "she has been a new woman. Instead of the war wearing her down it is actually building her up. She is always on the look-out for a humorous story linked with the war abroad or at home. It is wonderful how many she reads or hears, and wonderful, too, what delight other people find in her book."

We could not help feeling that our fellow-traveller had solved a real wartime problem.

There are some people who are opposed to any advice which they themselves have not given.

De La Roche

January 20, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

5

Liberty Has Been Bought With a Great Price

TRACE Liberty along the centuries; mark the prisons where captives pined for it. Mark the graves to which victims for it went down despairing. Mark the fields whereon its heroes battled. Mark the seas whereon they fought. Mark the exile to which they fled. Mark the burned spots where men gave up the ghost in torture to vindicate the integrity of their souls. Add sufferings which have found no record, and imagine, if you can, the whole. *Liberty has cost more than all these.*

Is there value for the cost? Consult the purchaser, if you are able to pay the cost. Awaken from the prisons those who have perished in them, and from the graves those broken-hearted by oppression. Call from the field of blood those who chose death rather than bonds. Invoke from the caverns of the deep those whom the ocean swallowed in braving the invader. Summon back from exile those who sank unseen in savage wilds. Pray for those to come once more to earth who bore testimony to the truth in agony.

Then you will marshal a host of witnesses which no man can number. All these through manifold afflictions maintained even unto death the cause of Liberty. Inquire if they repent. Ask them if the boon which they have given us was worthy of the sufferings with which they bought it. Ask the speakers who proclaimed freedom, the thinkers who made law for it, the reformers who purified it, if that for which they toiled was worth the labour which they spent. *It was!* will come with glad consent, with one glad Amen, from this glorious company of Apostles, this goodly fellowship of prophets, this noble band of martyrs.

Henry Giles

Thou Hast Made the Stars to Shine

Who Thou art I know not,
But this much I know:
Thou hast set the Pleiades
In a silver row;

Thou hast sent the trackless winds
Loose upon their way;
Thou hast reared a coloured wall
Twixt the night and day;

Thou hast made the flowers to bloom
And the stars to shine;
Hid rare gems of richest ore
In the tunnelled mine;

But chief of all thy wondrous works,
Supreme of all thy plan,
Thou hast put an upward reach
Into the heart of man.

Harry Kemp

BEFORE THE STORM

BEFORE the storm breaks we see
Violently rising for the last time
The dust that is shortly to be laid for a
long spell.

Goethe

To a Friend

What's Friendship but the
sweetness
Of an olden tender song,
A fondness that remembers
A little kindness long?

What's life without a Friendship
That time has proven true,
And all the cheer and comfort
That I have found in you?

No Need to Remember

THE advantage about being habitually
truthful is that you never have to
remember what you said last time.

Ian Hay

ITS MASTER'S FOOT

THE best dung for the land is its
master's foot walking over it.

Elsyth Thane



CARRY ON



O, SET US FREE

THOU, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know thine own,
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, O Save!

From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren, and sharp as the
sea:

O, set us free.

Matthew Arnold

The Molehills

SOME people love making mountains
out of molehills, putting two and
two together and making five.

Henrietta Leslie

Have You Done All This?

HAST thou named all the birds with-
out a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its
stalk?

At rich men's tables eaten bread and
pulse?

Unarmed, faced danger with a heart
of trust?

And loved so well a high behaviour,
In man or maid, that thou from speech
refrained,

Nobility more nobly to repay?

O, be my friend, and teach me to be
thine!

Ralph Waldo Emerson

HOW TO CONQUER

WITH Virtue and Quietness one may
conquer the world.

Lao-Tse

Making the Best of It

IT is said that Charles Kingsley
was once visited by a friend who
had just returned from tiger-hunting
in the Himalayas.

How insignificant he found the
village where Kingsley lived! How
he commiserated with poor Kingsley,
compelled to be continually in such
surroundings when the world was so
vast!

"It is now some years," said
Kingsley, "since I realised that my
dwelling-place must be my prison or
my palace. Thank God he has made
it my palace."

KINGS

THE kings of the earth are men of
might,
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent
night,
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven Who made
them all

Is fair and gentle, and very small;
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—
Let them think of Him today!

Joyce Kilmer

The Average Man and His Superior

THE average man can always be
trusted to come to a wrong con-
clusion about the superior man.
When a person is jealous his judgment
is worthless.

Eden Phillpotts

Doing and Being

WHAT a man does must not mislead
us in our judgment of what he is.

Walter de la Mare

Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?



LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made
thee?

Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

LITTLE lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a lamb.
He is meek and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake

A German's Dream of His Fatherland

This poem is by Karl Theodor Korner, a
soldier-poet of Germany who fell in 1813
fighting against Napoleon.

WHERE is the minstrel's Fatherland?
Where noble spirits beam in
light;

Where love-wreaths bloom for beauty
bright;

Where noble minds enraptured dream
Of every high and hallowed theme:
This was the minstrel's Fatherland!

Now name ye the minstrel's Fatherland?
Now o'er the corpses of children slain
She weeps a foreign tyrant's reign;
She once was the land of the good oak-
tree,

The German land, the land of the free;
So named we once my Fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's Fatherland?
She weeps that, for a tyrant still,
Her princes check the people's will;
That her sacred words unheeded fly,
And that none will list to her vengeful
cry:

Therefore weeps my Fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's Fatherland?
She calls upon the God of Heaven,
In a voice which Vengeance's self hath
given;

She calls on a free devoted band;
She calls for an avenging hand:
Thus calls the minstrel's Fatherland!

What will she do, thy Fatherland?
She will drive her tyrant foes away;
She will scare the bloodhound from his
prey;

She will bear her son no more a slave,
Or will yield him at least a freeman's
grave:

This will she do, my Fatherland!

And what are the hopes of thy Father-
land?

She hopes, at length, for a glorious prize,
She hopes her people will arise;
She hopes in the great award of Heaven;
And she sees, at length, an avenger
given:

And these are the hopes of my Father-
land!

COURAGE

IT is good to read the tales of heroic
men of other days. We remember
the brave Marshal of France who was
being taken from the Luxembourg to
execution when a voice was heard
from the crowd saying, "Courage,
Marshal de Mouchy, courage." The
old man turned to those about him.
"Courage?" he replied. "When I
was sixteen I mounted the breach for
my king; now I am eighty-four I
shall not want courage to mount the
scaffold for my God."

Exceeding All

LONG life's a lovely thing to know,
With lovely health and wealth, for-
sooth,
And lovely name and fame. But O
The loveliness of Youth!

James Whitcomb Riley

A Thousand Ways of Being Kind

A POLITE man is one who knows
how to be kind in a thousand
different ways.

Philip Hughes

I STROVE WITH NONE

I STROVE with none, for none was worth
my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of
life,

It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor on his 75th birthday

The Way to End Hate

HATRED does not cease by hatred at
any time; hatred ceases by love.

Saying of Buddha

One Thing the Nazis Killed

DIGNITY IN PUBLIC LIFE

ONE of the things the Nazis have killed in Germany is dignity.

It is said that when they rose to power they were surprised at the power they had and made up their minds that they could never fit in with a world of ambassadors, statesmen, and kings, and so decided to be gangsters and go the way to barbarism.

It is worth while to remember what happens when we cease to be dignified and to have regard for manners and the sober way of doing things.

There are people who are always eager to find fault with dignity in any form of public life.

They say it is neither simple nor sincere. They dislike any kind of dress that singles out an official person. They would prefer to see a preacher stand on a bench rather than in a pulpit. They protest against a judge's robes. They scoff at the ceremonies of courts. They would have people behave in commonplace ways, wear ordinary clothes, speak the language of the streets, and be plain, blunt, and offhand under all circumstances.

The Candidate's Hat

On the other hand, many others feel the fitness of special forms of dignity, speech, clothes, and tone to suit special circumstances. They like to see a prominent part well staged and well played. When a certain Parliamentary candidate passed by an onlooker said, "No man will ever win this constituency who wears his hat at that angle," and he was right. It was a Labour candidate who wore the hat, and a working man who made the prophecy.

The Five Mysterious Chinese

ONE of the mysterious stories connected with the suicide of the Admiral Graf Spee may never be told. When peace returns to the world the details may be muttered in some remote place in China where historians will not hear them, and so a fascinating puzzle will be left unsolved.

When Germany's pocket battleship was scuttled she was attended by the German supply ship Tacoma, which has now been interned, with her captain and crew, by the Uruguayan Government. When the Uruguayan naval authorities went aboard the Tacoma they found five Chinese fast asleep below deck, completely ignorant of what the events of preceding days could mean.

The Drink Question Solves Itself Slowly

WE all know that Milk is Best, but unfortunately too many people have been misled into believing that beer is best. Yet there are good signs.

Beer-drinking has halved in England and Wales in the last 25 years, a fine result due to change of taste, the reduction of drinking hours, and the heavy taxation of alcohol. What was serious waste in 1913 is doubly serious now, for beer has become an expensive beverage.

When the Great War began 36,000,000 people consumed nearly 28 gallons per head; in the year before last 10,000,000 people consumed roundly 14 gallons per head. As per head means per head of

Some help toward judging this question of dignity in public life may be given by picturing the kind of thing that happens when dignity is set aside. We know where it is impressive, as in our own courts of law, when solemn decisions are being solemnly announced. Here is a newspaper's picture of a court which allows a comparison to be made.

The Undignified Judge

A trial has been going on in a foreign town, and the judge presiding is known as the best-dressed man in the country. This is a plain and reliable description of how he conducts himself in a court of law:

The judge is the living incarnation of perpetual motion. He wanders around the room, and examines minutely the design of the pottery vase that he uses to rap for silence. Then he pours himself a drink of water from a milk-can, which, besides the vase and two law books, is the only thing on his desk.

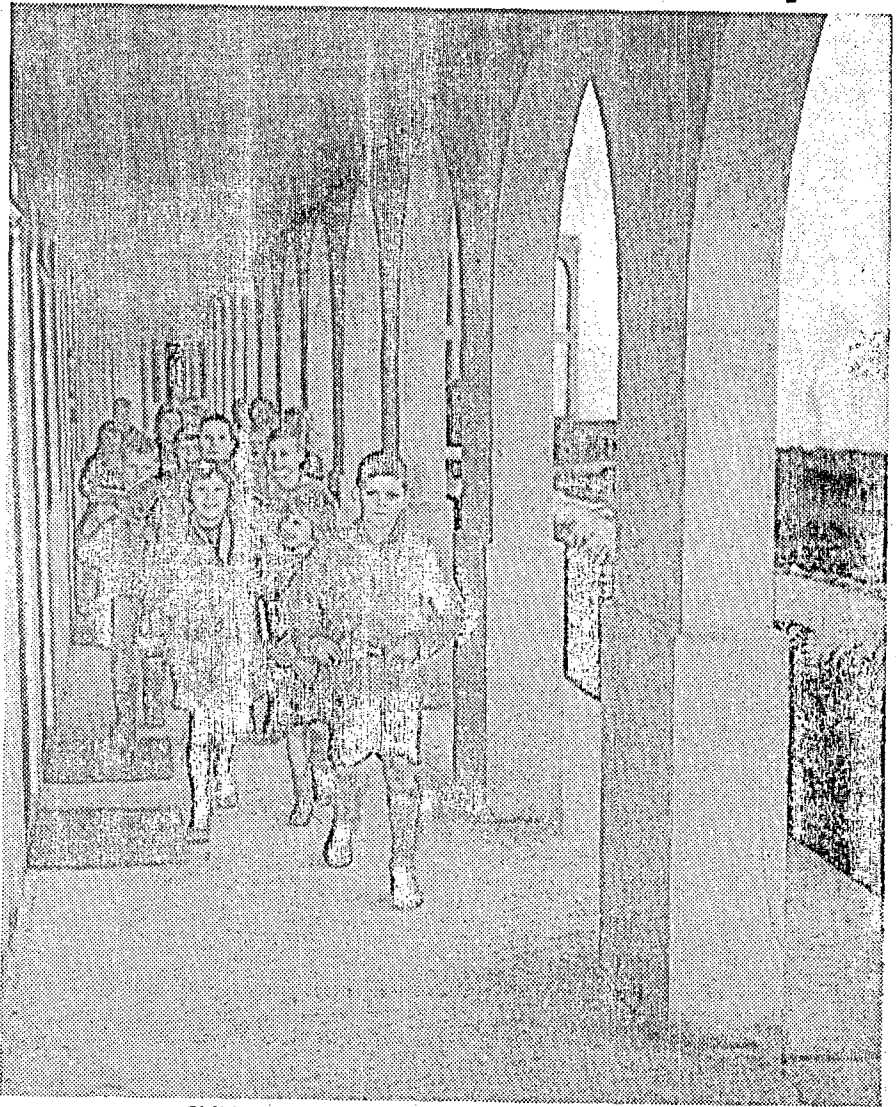
He sits on his own bench, on the clerk's bench, on the reporters' bench, on the defence attorney's bench, on the State attorney's bench, and on the window-ledge.

He puts his hands in his pockets, walks to the window, and looks out at what is happening in the public square. An objection to the evidence is raised. "Objection sustained" comes from the judge's back as he still looks out of the window.

A newspaper photographer wants a picture, and the defendants are led from the room while it is taken, as the Court has ordered that they must not be photographed. The photographer climbs into a window. The judge crashes his pottery vase down on the bench and says, "Order in the court," and the crowd sits up and is photographed.

That is a scene in a court where five men were being tried for their lives. It is what comes when dignity has perished, and it is worth thinking over.

Hotel for Evacuees • Catapult



Children from East London on the verandah of a big seaside hotel which is their wartime home



Girls of the Land Army learning how to thatch a roof on a Suffolk farm

Plane • Women on the Farm



A wireless-controlled plane being catapulted from a warship for gunnery practice at sea



A dairymaid returning from the milking shed on a farm in Devonshire

EBENEZER & BENJAMIN

The Forgotten Genius Behind Benjamin Franklin's Kite

THIS is the strange story of Ebenezer Kinnersley, a friend of Benjamin Franklin. Everybody had heard of Benjamin, but hardly anybody remembers Ebenezer.

He was the Revd Ebenezer Kinnersley, Baptist Minister and a professor in the College of Philadelphia. He had ideas about electricity, and the electric spark, or electrical fire, as he called it. He told his ideas to Franklin, who thought a good deal about them. But while Ebenezer was quite satisfied to go about lecturing and astonishing audiences in Philadelphia and Newport with the marvels the electric spark could effect, it was Benjamin who hit on the dazzling experiment of showing that the electric spark and the lightning flash were the same, by drawing electricity to earth from a thundercloud.

A Dangerous Business

To this day we may see engravings in American homes of a picture of Benjamin Franklin and his young son flying a kite from a hilltop in a thunderstorm, the clouds streaked with lightning flashes. Down the string came a discharge of electricity, manifesting itself in vigorous sparks.

The proof was made! So also was Franklin's reputation, to be firmly established by the text-books on electricity, and by references in the Dictionaries of Dates, which give June 1752 as the date of the famous experiment on the hilltop. Its importance must not be belittled. It was a dangerous business, and the next year Professor Richman was killed while repeating the experiment in the Russian capital. It also led to Franklin's invention of a lightning rod to protect houses from being struck by lightning, whereas Ebenezer's theories and experiments never got much farther than the lecture-room.

Yet the two men had the same ideas, as may be seen from a rare and recently resurrected handbill of Ebenezer's lectures. Both thought that there was one force of electricity, the same in the lightning and the spark, waiting only to be drawn forth. Both knew that there were two kinds,

positive and negative, but neither knew why. Nobody knows even now.

Franklin had the clearer and more logical mind. Poor Kinnersley did not think things out, and was content with displaying to his wondering audiences the marvels that had astonished him. But he must have been a remarkable lecturer. Before Franklin had made his hilltop experiment he had shown electric sparks issuing from a lady's finger; he electrified coins which scarcely anybody would pick up; he had a ring of bells actuated by electricity; and he had been responsible for a battery of guns being discharged by a spark after it had passed through ten feet of water. We do not see quite how he managed that before his audiences, though a gold leaf "suspended in the air, like Mohammed's tomb," is simple, and so is his animated artificial spider. But for his reputation's sake it is more important to recall what he said in the introduction to his discourse 179 years ago, long before Michael Faraday was born. Said he:

The electric fire is a real element, an extremely subtle fluid. It doth not take up any perceptible time in passing through large portions of space. It is intimately mixed with all the solids and fluids of the globe. Our bodies at all times contain enough of it to set a house on fire. It differs from common matter in that its parts do not mutually repel each other. It will live in water, a river not being sufficient to quench the smallest spark of it.

Poor Ebenezer!

Much more he said, all novel and strange in that distant day, but as true as it is commonplace today.

Poor Ebenezer! The truth was in him, though he had not enough elemental fire to make it shine before men. Benjamin did his best for him. He wrote for him a letter of introduction reporting him to a Boston gentleman as "a sensible, worthy man." We like to think that the Baptist Minister was satisfied with that testimonial from the great Benjamin Franklin, yet he deserved something better still.

THE SWORD THAT WILL NOT STRIKE AGAIN

SIR Sri Kanthirava Narasimharaja Wadiyar Bahadur, Yuvaraja of the native Indian State of Mysore, is on his way back to India the proud possessor of a sword which for 20 years was fiercely waved in the face of British armies.

The sword belonged to Tippoo Sahib, who fought as an ally of the French in our wars during the 18th century. It was in 1767, the ill-fated year in which we imposed the taxes on our American Colonies, that Tippoo's father, Hyder Ali, declared war on the British in India, and from then until the year 1799 the struggle for mastery was intense.

Father and son thrust back the armies led against them and laid waste the Carnatic region almost to the very gates of Madras. Again and again Tippoo sent embassies to France to stir up trouble against us, and it was not until Napoleon invaded Egypt that it was decided finally to overthrow him.

A strong force besieged his capital of Seringapatam and after a month of desperate fighting Tippoo was slain defending a breach in its wall. During a stupendous thunderstorm this powerful sultan of Mysore was laid to rest in the mausoleum he had built for his father, but his sword was sent in triumph to England, where it has rested for 140 years.

Never will it be waved in battle again, for the Yuvaraja is one of the most progressive of all the native princes of India, and he loves the British flag.

THREE OLD LADIES

Mrs Henry Watson and Mrs Rimington of Skipton, and Mrs Thackray of Bispham near Blackpool, are three sisters. All born on the same day, all have lived to celebrate their 82nd birthday, which has lately occurred.

LOOK TO YOUR TREES

*Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.*

So wrote Joyce Kilmer, whose life was cut short in the war that was to end war, a quarter of a century ago.

During the last war there was considerable wastage of trees in many lands, but the Government now has the matter in hand and there will be no prodigal waste this time.

We can all collect seeds in autumn and plant them for the future, but meanwhile there is work to be done during winter if we would improve the health of the trees in garden and field.

If we graze our finger it is usual to snip off with clean scissors the pieces of loose broken skin which cannot join up again; and so it should be with trees, for they dislike having broken twigs or bruised pieces left on them. Trees and shrubs that have been neglected for years are likely to have many such blemishes, and it is a good idea just now to clean away all these dead pieces of wood. By looking carefully it is easy to see which pieces should be removed. In live wood the twigs are full of sap, the bark is usually smooth and fleshy, and the living buds can be seen getting ready for spring; but dead wood is dry, shrivelled, and crackly.

Good Tools Essential

It is important to have for the work a good well-tempered penknife or pruning knife, which should be kept oiled and properly sharpened. It is best to use an oilstone to make the edge keen; and with a good knife or a good pair of secateurs it will be easy to trim off closely and neatly every little dead, dying, or bruised twig.

It is sometimes necessary to remove from a tree a branch which overhangs or is in the way, and a common fault is to saw it off from above in such a way that when the saw is nearly through the limb snaps, leaving a broken snag.

A good tool will make the work easier, so before starting to cut away snags and branches we should make sure of having a strong small pruning saw, which must be sharp. It will be as well to practise first by sawing off snags left on trees by other people. Saw close to the trunk; though it means sawing through half as much wood again it is better for the tree. Always paint the saw cuts on the tree as soon as possible, using a mixture of green and brown paints.

When sawing off branches remember to cut as close as possible to the trunk or bough, and always make a cut underneath first, going about one-eighth of the way through the limb. Then remove the saw and cut from above so that the two cuts will meet. This method will prevent the branch snapping off and leaving a jagged edge. If a branch is long cut off about half its length first, but always leave enough to weigh down and help with the more difficult part near the trunk.

FRANCO SPEAKS

Hope for Spain's Rebirth

The speedy resurrection of Spain is the keynote of General Franco's appeal to his people for 1940.

He invoked the past greatness of Spain and declared that a national revolution was needed to bring her decadence to an end.

Justice would be done, he said, without rancour or hate, but Spaniards must be brought to realise that all riches had to be more equally distributed. Spain must work out her own salvation. She had ores: these she must herself transform into machinery and motor-cars. Her national disgraces, such as infantile mortality and hovel homes, must be remedied. The Civil War had left an accumulation of ruin and had destroyed spiritual values, yet, declared General Franco, the energy of the Spanish people enabled them to have faith in a prompt rebirth.

The Undaunted Spirit of Undeclared China

FOR over two years China has endured a pitiless war with Japan, and the Chinese courage and confidence have won the admiration of the world.

Japanese armies now control one-third of China, including the rich and fertile provinces of the Eastern plain, all the ports, railways, waterways, and great cities. They have pushed up the long Yangtse River to the great group of cities known as Hankow-Wuchang, and from there bombing planes are within striking distance of the Chinese capital of Chungking.

China has lost an untold number of lives, and it is estimated that there are some thirty million homeless people wandering about in the bitter winter on her plains. Floods, bombs, and fire have wrought destruction in the wake of the armies, and China herself, adopting the "scorched earth" policy, has laid waste cities, industrial plant, and anything that would be of use to the advancing enemy.

A Great People United

Thousands of children have become "warphans"; yet this great people is undefeated and undaunted, and her faith is a miraculous object-lesson to those of us who face war in Europe.

Japan hoped to find a disunited and disorganised China, but her ruthless invasion has united China in a way never known before. All the elements of disunion have sworn their allegiance to General Chiang Kai-shek, and China is now a nation as never before in her history. This is one fact which helps to keep her soul alive.

She now sees her land divided into Occupied and Free. In the Occupied areas there is a boycott of all things Japanese, and at this passive resistance the Chinese are masters. In the Free areas, especially in the great Far West towards the Burma border, China has discovered a new land of which she was only dimly aware, and it is to this new land that a whole nation is now on trek, equalling the mightiest emigration movements in history. Universities, schools, factories, industrial equipment of every description are settling down in the mountain valleys, as we have already described in the C.N.

Our evacuation problems pale into insignificance beside this mighty trek of a whole people. To find a way across the mountains a great road was thrust

from Burma northwards, and mountains were levelled by a countless multitude of hands.

A visitor to the mountain province of Yunnan, the California of China, says the population has doubled since the war. "A new city, now called Kunming, is the centre of a province as big as France. Over a dozen colleges have moved into its vicinity, and everywhere schools and factories are being built in the lovely mountain valleys. A new cotton and silk industry is being developed, and rice, tea, and wheat supplies are being improved." In this province the soil is so rich that four crops a year can be produced, and the fields of rice, grain, vegetables, and fruit are equal to the finest in Europe.

Here in these vast territories of China's west this great country faces the future undaunted. Three years ago the province of Kweichow, with an area equal to Italy and a population bigger than that of Canada, had only a few middle schools, and not a single college or university. Now she has two fine medical colleges, a great university, a hospital, and 2350 primary schools. Farther north the great Resistance University, in five centres, is training 13,000 students. Most of these schools carry on in caves and work on the land for their existence, and they are dedicated in poverty and enthusiasm to building a new China.

Christian Leadership

All this is the accomplishment of wartime. China has not waited for the war to end before beginning her colossal task of reconstruction. She made sure that all educational work should go on as normally as possible, and saw that the scholar, the artist, and the religious teacher led the way into the new lands.

At the heart of all this confidence is Christian leadership. Chiang Kai-shek and his wife are devout Christians, and China has witnessed the magnificent courage of Christian missionaries. All men and women have stood to their posts. One school, associated with the London Missionary Society, evacuated four times, rather than see its work go to pieces, each time going hundreds of miles with its students, staff, and equipment.

Such spirit as this is undying, and the example of China may well be a challenging tonic to all the lands of Europe now facing war themselves.

No Profiteering in 1940

THE lady shopkeeper who explained to a friend of ours that she "had not put her war profits on yet" expressed a notion only too common—that wartime entitles a seller to raise prices without further explanation than that a war is on.

It is a false idea, and it is well that the Government's Prices of Goods Act came into force with the New Year.

The Act makes it a criminal offence to sell certain goods at more than the price on August 21, 1939, plus any increase due to an actual rise in costs and expenses, an addition officially called a

"permitted increase." No inspectors are to be appointed. The working of the Act is left to the public. If we feel that we are being unfairly charged we can go to a Local Price Regulation Committee whose address is to be published.

Among the articles named as within the Act are household goods, clothing, blackout materials. The household goods protected include pottery, ironmongery, cutlery, glassware, and textiles.

It is to be hoped that many people will take advantage of the Act to protect themselves and the nation.

The Cost of Being Germany's Neighbour

NOBODY trusts Germany. Realising that she is incapable of keeping her word, Scandinavia in the north, Holland and Belgium in the west, and Switzerland in her Alpine fastnesses are all on guard lest she should seek to invade their territory. It is a high price a nation must pay for being Germany's neighbour.

In the Netherlands men are ready with floods to counter any such attempt; in Switzerland hardy warriors, ready for combat on the roof of Europe, are living up amid the snows like Eskimos.

Heavily armed and heavily burdened with kit and food, the Swiss Alpine Army is training amid snow and ice at heights nearly two miles above sea-level.

For their comfort the Government has commandeered all the huts and hostels used by Alpine climbers; but these do not suffice, and the bulk of the warriors are sleeping in snow-houses. Rarely has military training been undertaken in conditions such as these.

Real fighting, however, has been in progress in Finland in temperatures still more fiercely taxing. The Finns have won their gallant victories over the Bolsheviks in cold such as Polar explorers have been wont to encounter amid the eternal ice. They have been facing temperatures of from 20 to 30 degrees below zero, in which the breath freezes as it leaves the nose and tears turn to blinding icicles.

JANUARY

*Janus am I; oldest of potentates.
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come
and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with
snow,
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts
of men.*
Longfellow

The first month of the year brings cold days and stormy nights. We expect shipwrecks on our coasts, and there are many gallant rescues by our lifeboatmen.

In spite of frost and fog, snow and rain and gales, January may be very kindly, and at any rate the days are beginning to lengthen, so that our thoughts turn instinctively to spring, especially when we come upon the first snowdrops in the woods.

Many old customs belong to January, though most of them are less popular now than of old. New Year's Day is still kept with much revelry by Scots, and in some counties of England, notably Westmorland and Cumberland, roving bands of young folk used to way-lay all they met, demanding sixpence as a ransom. Letting the lucky bird in is a custom still preserved in England and Scotland; but the custom of giving presents on the first day of the year seems to be dying out in England.

St Distaff's Day

Another old English custom, now almost lost, is that of wassailing on Wassail Eve, January 5, though the custom of wassailing the apple trees persists in parts of Devon. The eating of cake on Twelfth Day (January 6) has been forgotten; but in Shakespeare's day no one would have dreamed of going without his piece of cake, a link with the Wise Men who brought spices from the East.

January 7, called St Distaff's Day in old calendars, seems to have been a day partly for work and partly for play; and the first Monday after Twelfth Day was at one time known as Plough Monday, marked every year by a fine banquet in London's Guildhall.

January 13 is still a notable day in Glasgow, for it is the day of Kentigern, the city's patron saint. Living in the 6th century, he was known as the well-beloved. For a time he was a hermit at Glasgow, but fled to St Asaph, where he founded a monastery. He eventually returned to Glasgow, and began building the Cathedral.

St Anthony's Day is January 17, and though no one pays much reverence to the saint now, he was at one time honoured as the patron of swineherds. Long ago farmers looked anxiously at the sky on January 25, St Paul's Day, for it was popularly believed that if his day were fine the rest of the year would be kindly.

January 26 is known as Wattle Day in Australia. Often called Foundation Day, it was on this day in 1788 that the mother city of Sydney was founded by Captain Philip soon after landing at Botany Bay. Wattle is the Australian name for acacia; and in the last war Australian troops planted sprigs of wattle on the graves of their heroic companions who fell on Gallipoli.

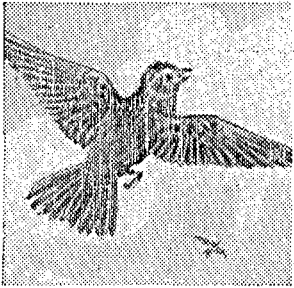
Lawrence's Last Sleep

The figure of Lawrence of Arabia just placed in the small Saxon church on the town wall of Wareham in Dorset was given by Lawrence's brother, and is the work of Mr Eric Kennington. The figure shows Lawrence lying in Arab dress, his head on a camel saddle, his sandalled feet supported by a Hittite stone. Beside him are shown the three books he used to carry on his Arabian excursions.

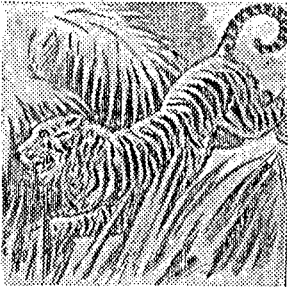
Lawrence lies buried at Moreton, a few miles from Wareham, and his memorial there is also the work of his friend Mr Eric Kennington.

CN ANIMAL STRIP

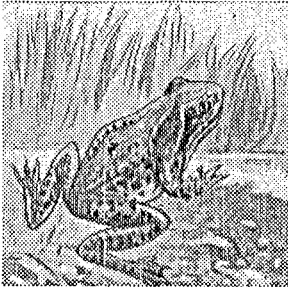
HOW THEY MOVE



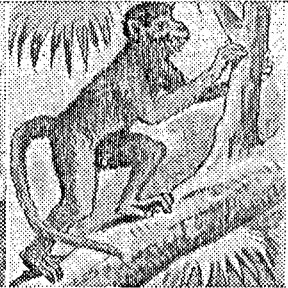
The lark soars



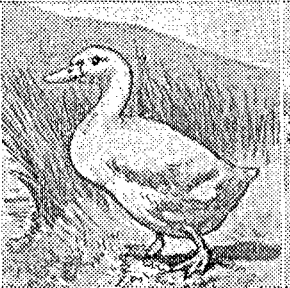
The tiger leaps



The frog hops



The monkey climbs



The duck waddles



The turkey struts

THE NEW IDEA ABROAD IN THE WORLD

INTERNATIONAL rivalries are, we know, too often the cause of war, but a new rivalry is abroad in the world which may be its cure.

It is rivalry to be the first to take a practical step toward cooperation rather than competition as the basis of world government.

All over England study groups are meeting to try to find a way by which we and our enemies can come together when the war is over, and so pool our interests that no new war can ever again arise out of old quarrels. The subject of their study they call Federal Union, a subject discussed in the C N the other day. Six months ago we could have asked America to join with us, but now that we are at war we cannot. The belligerent States will probably have to go alone at the beginning, others joining as they convince them of the movement's sincerity. At the moment all this seems a large order, and the C N is neither for it nor against it; we merely report it

as a thought that is abroad in the land, engaging many thousands of serious minds.

Every student of Federal Union makes it a point to speak of the idea whenever two or three are gathered together. It is so vast a problem that its solution will require much help. A friend of the C N, lunching with some Scandinavians the other day, brought up the subject, and the faces of her guests were alight at once. "Yes, I am very interested in the idea of Federal Union," said one man; "we Scandinavians could begin it. Our countries have the habit of working together; we are just ripe for it. We could adopt a Federal Constitution and so help to show Europe the way out of its mess. We often talk about it. It is the only way out."

From La Paz in Bolivia comes news of definite steps in the right direction taken by two countries, Paraguay and Bolivia, that were for long at war with each other over the Chaco.

Bolivia, a land-locked country, has decided that she would do better to cultivate friendly relations with the neighbouring lands that block her way to the sea than to fight them to establish rights; and she is now engaged in settling her difficulties with Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Chile, and Paraguay by peaceful means. The first step in carrying out this new policy is a series of four pacts signed by Paraguay and Bolivia.

The first pact concerns trade and road, rail, and river transport, the second agrees to open an air service for passengers and post, the third and fourth deal with cultural matters, such as the exchange of teachers and students between the two countries and a wider circulation of each other's literature.

Not a word or a thought of Federal Union in all this, of course, but as an agreement between States so recently at each other's throats it is a hopeful sign.

Across the continent we find the Mayor of New York telling a distin-

guished group of publishers, editors, and educators from North and South America that the New World's mission is to show the rest of the world that it is possible for nations to live, work, and play together peacefully in spite of differences of race, language, history, and religion. The means he proposes to achieve these ends are:

Mutually advantageous relations in commerce;

No encroachment on each other's territory;

A fair and mutually beneficial two-way volume of trade.

Following Mayor La Guardia, Dr Nicholas Murray Butler called on the Americas to accept the duties and responsibilities of world leadership, now that war is sapping the energy and vitality of both Europe and Asia.

The idea is abroad in the world. It will have to start somewhere. Who will be first to federate? What a grand race, in which even the losers must gain!

How Did the Oak-Apple Come to the Oak?

Oak apples are not the fruit of the tree, for that is the well-known acorn. Oak-apples, which men of science call galls, are really wounds on the tree, and are caused by a tiny insect, a species of fly known as cynips. The female is armed with a sharp weapon called an ovipositor, or egg-depositor, and this she plunges into a leaf or catkin or acorn or twig, and there lays her eggs. Then she flies away. But the circulation of the sap in the leaf is disturbed by the wound, and as it flows round the eggs a swelling rises on the twig, in the midst of which ball-like chamber the eggs remain. This swelling is the oak-apple. Soon the eggs hatch out, and the grubs live on the juice inside the gall until they develop into perfect insects and fly out.

What Becomes of All the Pennies?

Nobody knows. When we had gold coins they were called in in due season, and the silver coins are re-minted when they have lost about ten per cent of their weight—that is if they find their way back to the Mint. But it is one of the mysteries of the age what happens to the pennies. No bronze coin is ever

remade and they never return to the Mint. They only began in 1860, when all the copper coins were called in and replaced by bronze—though people will still persist in calling them coppers! There are therefore about eighty years' issues of pennies in circulation, and it has not happened that there are too many. But what happens to them all, especially those of long ago which we rarely see, is something nobody is able to explain.

What is the Difference Between Crocodiles and Alligators?

Crocodiles are distinguished from alligators by having no bony armour on the lower surface of the body, by the interlocking of the upper and lower teeth, and also by the fourth lower tooth being received into a notch on the side of the upper jaw.

Is the Eye Ever Still?

The eye is never completely still, perhaps not even in sleep. One way of proving this to ourselves is to gaze at a very bright light like the sun. On the retina of the eye the strong light will

leave a bright after-image, which gets in the way of our sight and is still there when we close our eyes. It moves, hovers, and wanders, and is never still. We cannot control its movements, and the reason is that, though we are not aware of it, the globe of the eye is moving in a restless manner.

How is a Broken Bone Repaired?

This is done by a natural process of splicing, during which phosphates, first very soluble, then moderately so, then only slightly so, are finally succeeded by dense insoluble bone-earth, filling up the breach till it becomes the strongest part of the re-united bone.

Why Does the Sun Rise in the East?

The Sun appears to rise in the East because the Earth as it spins on its axis turns from West to East in the direction of the hands of a clock. When an observer whose back has been turned to the Sun at night is brought round by the Earth's motion to face the Sun again it will first appear to him in the East.

Why Does a Tortoise Move So Slowly?

A tortoise moves slowly because it is one of the relics of a bygone age, the Age of Reptiles, when there was no need for hurry. The ancient reptiles were vegetarians browsing among the marshes and other places where they found their food ready to mouth. No speedier animals existed to chase or attack them. They were slow of movement and slow in all the processes of life. They lived a long time and grew protective bony armour. The tortoise is one of the descendants of that Age; nearly all the others perished in the struggle for life with the livelier, quicker, more aggressive mammals. It still wears on its back a heavy, horny shield like its ancestors, and this alone is enough to slow down its movements. Habit and inherited instinct do the rest, and give it a long, slow life.

What is the Privy Council?

The Privy Council is a body whose members, appointed by the King, are addressed as Right Honourable, and who formerly exercised great power. On the death of a sovereign they proclaim his successor, who takes before them an oath to govern according to the laws.

The Empire Man Almost Forgotten

IN their centenary year of 1940 New Zealanders are doing honour to the memory of those who did so much to establish the Dominion so firmly at the farthest distance of all from Britain.

Among these pioneers the name of Wakefield stands out, for it was the energy of three brothers, Edward, Arthur, and William Wakefield, which founded the New Zealand Company and prevailed on a reluctant Government to extend its rule over the islands.

While Edward and William have never been forgotten, Edward's son, Edward Jerningham, has almost passed from memory, though he was a member of the first New Zealand Parliament, and by his writings left a record of early years in the new colony.

Two things have revived his work and memory. One of his notebooks was unexpectedly offered to and bought by the Turnbull Library in Wellington; and his body is among those in a cemetery at Ashburton which, after 45 years of neglect, are being removed to a new cemetery to make room for a housing improvement.

Edward Jerningham Wakefield had been laid to rest here in 1879, having passed his last years without money and broken in health in the Old Men's Home of the little town. No relative was with him when he passed on, only the master of the Home watching by his bedside.

He had loved the peace and quiet of this Home and had even published a

book of poems the year before he died, but not a copy is now known to exist. For years a wooden peg marked his grave, and then another pioneer of Ashburton added a concrete gravestone with the initials of his name wrong.

Edward Wakefield was a youth of 18 when he stepped with his Uncle William on board the sailing ship *Tory*, carrying a little band of settlers whom the Land Company had persuaded to make the great adventure. Writing was in his blood, for his father had written books on Colonisation and Prison Reform, and his grandmother Priscilla, an aunt of Elizabeth Fry, had won fame by her books for children, so Edward decided to become the diarist of the expedition.

This diary he kept until he returned to London in 1844, when he published it in two volumes. A few years later he returned to New Zealand with his father for good, and helped to establish the settlement round Canterbury, representing it in Parliament and sitting in the Executive Council. When his father died he edited his father's story of the Founders of Canterbury and for some years represented Christchurch in Parliament.

But Edward Wakefield fell on unhappy times and went to the Home in Ashburton because he was unable to afford hospital fees at Christchurch.

Yet, poor as he was, he was one of the pioneers of New Zealand, and his memory must not be allowed to perish.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA

The Problem of Her Great Empty Spaces

Some deeply interesting things were said at the recent Congress of the British Medical Association at Melbourne.

It was pointed out that, as the C.N. has so often said, Australia is failing to reproduce itself and that immigration is almost nothing. If the life and immigration factors remain as they are Australia will come to a standstill at a population of 8,500,000 in 1967, and in this small population there will be an excess of women and girls of 35 per cent.

In the same year the population of Japan will reach 113,000,000.

These estimates led Sir Raphael Cilento, of the Queensland Health Department, to declare that Australia must either admit white immigrants freely or face invasion.

Estimates of the habitability of Australia vary greatly. The lowest we have seen is the 23,000,000 of Mr H. L. Wilkinson; the highest is the 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 of Professor Geisler.

Certain it is that a circle drawn through Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide encloses a splendid territory as big as England, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Austria, and Hungary put together, and these European countries contain 200,000,000 people.

It has taken nearly 150 years to build up the present population of less than seven millions of Australians. Foresight and forethought do not mark the governing of the world; it is often not until problems become past solution that attention is directed to them. The Australian question should be considered seriously at once.

Nature's Curtain Falls on the Battlefield

THE LONG ARCTIC NIGHT

To gallant and imperishable Finland the long Arctic night is now like a protective curtain, limiting the brutal Russian onslaught by cutting down the daylight.

The Blackout is not complete in Finland as it is farther inside the Arctic Circle, for only a bit of Finland is inside the Circle, though much of her neighbour Norway, from Bodo to the North Cape, comes within it. But Southern Finland is no nearer the Pole than the Shetlands or Bergen and the Polar night casts only its twilight shadows over it.

Nevertheless the hours of its daylight are much reduced. Winter begins on October 16 and lasts till April 15, the daylight steadily shortening to mid-winter till it lasts for no more than three or four hours at most. A very short distance beyond most northerly Finland, at the North Cape, or at the Norwegian port of Hammerfest, there is no true daylight but only a sort of twilight at midday from November 18 to January 23. Rather lighter conditions prevail where the Finns are making their most northerly stand; and on the Karelian Peninsula cold and ice, blizzards and snow, and lake and forest are more powerful allies to the brave defenders than the darkness.

Mirage of the Sun

Within the Arctic Circle, as explorers have described its winter night, men bid farewell to the sun about October 26, when half its disc shows for the last time above the edge of the ice in the south, a flattened body with a dull red glow. The afterglow from the sun below the horizon lasts for some days longer,

continuing into November. Then all trace of the sun, and even recollection of it, disappears till past the middle of February. It is darkest before the dawn. Then a mirage of the sun appears above the horizon and almost seems to assume a round, disc-like form. In the last days of the month, probably after a snow-storm, it shows itself, and as Dr Nansen told us while on his voyage in the Fram, "it is light wonderfully long already," and spring will not be far behind.

But in the long winter night till the sun reappears, heralding its coming by sending a glow into the sky while still below the horizon, there are not many days when the blackness is complete. Even in January there is a red glowing twilight about midday, and the sun seems every day afterwards to be getting nearer. Before it comes the planet Venus will appear like a red beacon above the horizon.

The Northern Lights

The stars are always there to give their frosty light, and then there is the moon. It does not set, but goes round the sky night and day, giving wonderful moonlight all the time. At times it circles all round the horizon, the rim seeming to touch it without disappearing below. There is a bright field of light where moon and horizon meet, and mock moons, rings one outside the other, are formed about it, caused by the refraction of the moon's rays among the ice crystals floating in the air.

Lastly there are the recurring Northern Lights, which are shared in greater or less degree by all regions within the Arctic Circle, and also by a large part of Finland. The Aurora Borealis is seldom far away in winter, though it may not always appear in all its glory. Nansen has described one such display. The glowing masses of fire divided into many coloured bands, writhing and twisting across the sky both south and north. The arches might be red at the ends, changing higher into sparkling green and then into blue or violet. This most dazzling spectacle disappears as suddenly as it appears, but is like a miracle while it lasts.

Finland's splendid defenders must welcome it as a sign in the heavens to give them courage while waiting for the coming of the sun of a brighter day.

A Fine Poet Leaves the World

We can ill afford to lose imaginative and sensitive writers in these days, and the passing of Humbert Wolfe has deprived us of a poet whose position in our modern literature will be hard to fill.

A master of words and musical phrase like Swinburne, but with far deeper conviction than Swinburne, he touched the heart of things, and wrote poems that all could understand. "All wars are fought in the spirit," he said in the opening words of a recent poem, which ends:

They
Who fall with Freedom are not lost nor
cheated,
For they become the essence of the light
Which in a shroud of gold lays death away.

Though he wrote 40 books of poetry and plays, Humbert Wolfe was a hard-working official in the Ministry of Labour, where he edited the handbook of National Service which was sent to every home in the land last year. He did good work, too, in bringing peace in many industrial conflicts, while in lighter moments his wit and his brilliant talk gave pleasure to a host of friends who have learned to love the high qualities of his mind.

ARE NEW WORLDS BEGINNING NOW?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy. Astronomy is so fascinating! I read of the possibility of the planet Mars, so close to us, having life on it, and of the planet Jupiter being still too hot to bear life. I get a picture of worlds made and worlds in the making, and I wonder how many planets, belonging to greater stars than our sun, are beginning to be new worlds with life upon them.

The Man. Yes, astronomy should be studied by everyone, if only to cure human conceit. There is little doubt that there exist other worlds than ours, and that new worlds are constantly being born, if too remotely for human investigation. We may comfort ourselves with the illimitable worlds of imagination and endeavour.

Boy. New worlds of experience?

Man. Yes, new worlds that offer us fresh fields of exploration, fresh things to do; experiences as new as though we could bridge the gap between ourselves and some far-away planet. When man began to study the microscopic lives that are fraught with so much of good and of evil, when he overcame the first difficulties of aerial navigation, when he learned to use electric waves to transmit sights and sounds, his work was in worlds he had not known before. In this sense new worlds are always beginning; worlds as new as when Columbus pierced a mystery and greatly enlarged the known earth for white men.

Boy. Can we hope for more new worlds?

Man. Assuredly. The complete conquest of organic disease; the discovery of the secret dividing the organic from inorganic; the solving of the mystery of heredity; the transmutation of the elements; all these and many other possibilities are before mankind. The unknown is still greater than the known. New worlds are thus always beginning as man marshals his forces for the conquest of knowledge.

Boy. Which is better, to study the worlds of knowledge already discovered or to seek new discoveries?

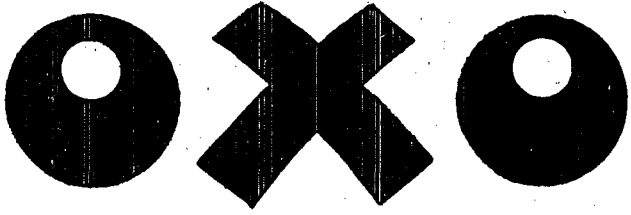
Man. Studying the known is the true path to the unknown. When an intelligent person makes research in known fields he is sure to add something to the sum of knowledge, and he is well set on the way to new knowledge. All great discoveries, you will find, are compounded of work added to work, thought building on thought. Knowledge is a ladder, and we are always climbing to greater heights by using the labours of the living and the dead. The true scientist offers his work in aid of some great new world he may himself never know.

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

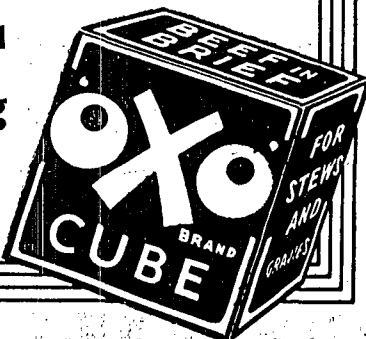
Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives; they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle today and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Children love the delicious fruity flavour.

The Perfect Food Reserve



Now, more than ever, it is necessary to keep a few extra Oxo cubes in the larder. The extra nourishment Oxo gives stimulates and fortifies you in these trying times.



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

A Short Version of Fenimore Cooper's Thrilling Story, Told in Two Instalments

It was the third year of the war between France and England in North America. At Fort Edward, where General Webb lay with five thousand men, the startling news had just been received that the French general Montcalm was moving up the Champlain Lake with an army "numerous as the leaves on the trees," with the forest fastness of Fort William Henry as his object.

Fort William Henry was held by the veteran Scotchman Munro at the head of a regiment of regulars and a few provincials. As this force was utterly inadequate to stem Montcalm's advance General Webb at once sent fifteen hundred men to strengthen the position. While the camp was in a state of bustle consequent on the departure of this relieving force Captain Duncan Heyward detached himself from the throng, and conducting two ladies, the daughters of Munro, Alice and Cora, to their horses, mounted another steed himself. It was his welcome duty to see that the ladies reached Fort William Henry in safety. In order that they might make the journey the more expeditiously they had obtained the services of a famous Indian runner known by the name of Le Renard Subtil, whose native appellation was Magua.

The party had but five leagues to traverse, and Magua had undertaken to lead them a short way through the forest. The girls hesitated as they reached the point where they left the military road and had to take to a narrow and blind path amid the dense trees and undergrowth. The terrifying aspect of the guide and the loneliness of the route filled them with alarm.

"Here, then, lies our way," said Duncan in a low voice. "Manifest no distrust or you may invite the danger you appear to apprehend."

Taking his hint, the girls whipped up their horses and followed the runner along the dark and tangled pathway. They had not gone far when they heard the sounds of a horse's hoofs behind them, and presently there dashed up to their side a singular-looking person with extraordinary long, thin legs, an emaciated body, and an enormous head. The grotesqueness of his figure was enhanced by a sky-blue coat and a soiled vest of embossed silk embroidered with tarnished silver lace. Coming up with the party, he declared his intention of accompanying them to Fort William Henry. Refusing to listen to any objection, he took from his vest a curious musical instrument, and, placing it to his mouth, drew from it a high, shrill sound. This done, he began singing in full and melodious tones one of the New England versions of the Psalms.

Magua whispered something to Heyward, who turned impatiently to David Gamut—such was the singer's name—and requested him in the name of common prudence to postpone his chant until a safer opportunity. The Indian allies of Montcalm, it was known, swarmed in the forest, and the object of the party was to move forward as quietly as possible.

As the cavalcade pressed deeper into the wild thicket a savage face peered out at them from between the bushes. A gleam of exultation shot across his darkly painted lineaments as he watched his victims walking unconsciously into the trap which Magua had prepared.

The Young Warrior

Within an hour's journey of Fort Edward two men were lingering on the banks of a small stream. One of them was a magnificent specimen of an Indian—almost naked, with a terrific emblem of death painted upon his chest. The other was a European with the quick, roving eye, sun-tanned cheeks, and rough dress of a hunter.

"Listen, Hawk-eye," said the Indian, addressing his companion, "and I will tell you what my fathers have said and what the Mohicans have done. We came and made this land ours, and drove the Maquas, who followed us, into the woods with the bears. Then came the Dutch, and gave my people the fire-water. They drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet. Then they parted with their land, and now I, that am a chief and a Sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through

the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers. When Uncas, my son, dies there will no longer be any of the blood of the Sagamores. My boy is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here," said another voice, in the same soft, guttural tones. "Who speaks to Uncas?" At the next instant a youthful warrior passed between them with a noiseless tread and seated himself by the side of his father Chingachgook. "I have been on the trail of the Maquas, who lie hid like cowards," continued Uncas.

Further talk regarding their hated enemies the Maquas, who acted as the spies of Montcalm, was cut short by the sound of horses' feet. The three men rose to their feet, their eyes watchful and attentive, and their rifles ready for any emergency.

Presently the cavalcade from Fort Edward appeared, and Heyward, addressing Hawk-eye, asked for information as to their whereabouts, explaining that they had trusted to an Indian, who had lost his way.

"An Indian lost in the woods?" exclaimed the scout. "I should like to look at the creature."

Saying this, he crept stealthily into the thicket. In a few moments he returned, his suspicions fully confirmed. Magua had clearly led the party into a trap for purposes of his own, and Hawk-eye at once took steps to secure his capture. While Heyward held the runner in conversation the scout and the two Mohicans crept silently through the undergrowth to surround him; but the slight crackle of a breaking stick aroused Magua's suspicion, and, even as the ambush closed on him, he dodged under Heyward's arms and vanished into the opposite thicket.

Hawk-eye was too well acquainted with Indian ways to think of pursuing, and, restraining the eagerness of Heyward, who would have followed Magua, and would have been undoubtedly led to the place where the scalping-knives of Magua's companions awaited him, the scout called a council of war.

In the Nick of Time

THE position was serious in the extreme; how serious was disclosed that night, as they lay hid in a cave.

Suddenly, with blood-curdling yells, the Maquas surrounded them. They were surrounded completely, and, to add to the terrors of their situation, they discovered that their ammunition was exhausted. There seemed nothing to be done but die fighting. It was Cora who suggested an alternative: that Hawk-eye and the two Mohicans should make for Fort William Henry and procure from their father, Munro, enough men to take them back in safety. It was the one desperate chance, and the scout and the Mohicans took it. Dropping silently down the river, they disappeared. Duncan, David, and the two girls were left alone; but not for long. As the night drew out a body of the Maquas, swimming across the river, entered the cave and made the whole party prisoners.

It was Magua who directed all these operations, and it was Magua who announced their fate to his prisoners. Alice should go back to her father, but Cora was to become his squaw in an Indian wigwam.

"Monster!" cried Cora, when this proposal was laid before her. "None but a fiend could meditate such a vengeance!"

Magua answered with a ghastly smile, and at his command the Indians, seizing their white victims, bound them to four trees. Stakes of glowing wood were prepared for their torture. Once more Magua offered the alternative of dishonour or death. Cora wavered, but Alice strengthened her resolution.

"No, no!" she cried. "Better that we die as we have lived, together."

"Then die!" shouted Magua, hurling his tomahawk at the girl's head. It missed her by an inch. Another savage rushed to complete the terrible deed. Maddened at the sight, Duncan broke his bonds and flung himself on the savage. He was at once overpowered. He saw a knife glistening above his head; it was just about to descend. Suddenly there was a sharp crack

of a rifle, and his assailant fell dead at his feet. At the same moment Hawk-eye and the two Mohicans dashed into the encampment. In a few moments the six Indians, taken by surprise, were killed; only Magua lived. He seemed to be at the mercy of Chingachgook. Already he lay apparently lifeless. The Mohican rose with a yell of triumph, and raised his knife to give the final blow. Even as he did so Magua rolled himself over the edge of the precipice near which he lay, and, alighting on his feet, leapt into the centre of a thicket of low bushes and disappeared.

"The Jubilee of Devils"

THE party had reached William Henry only to leave it again. Montcalm asked for an interview with Munro, and through Duncan, who acted as representative, explained that it was hopeless to think of holding the fort. General Webb had withdrawn the relieving force and the English were outnumbered by about 20 to one. With chivalrous courtesy, the French general proposed that his brave enemies should march out with their arms and ammunition and all the honours of war. These conditions Munro sadly accepted. Compelled to be with his men, Munro entrusted his daughters to the care of David.

According to the conditions of the surrender, the troops marched out. Behind them came the women and stragglers, the French and their native allies watching them in silence. At the other side of the plain was a defile. The troops slowly

entered this, and disappeared. The rear-guard of civilians was now left alone on the plain. Cora, as she pressed slowly onwards with her sister and David, saw Magua addressing the natives, speaking with his fatal and artful eloquence. The effect of his words was soon seen.

One of the savages, attracted by the shawl in which a mother had wrapped her baby, seized the child and dashed it to the ground. As the mother sprang forward he buried his tomahawk in her brain. It was the signal for a massacre. Magua raised the fatal and appalling war-whoop. At its sound 2000 savages broke from the wood and fell upon the unresisting victims. Death was everywhere, and in his most terrific and disgusting aspect.

"It is the jubilee of devils," said David, who, in spite of his uselessness, never dreamed of deserting his trust. "If David tamed the evil spirit of Saul it may not be amiss to try the potency of music here."

He poured out a strain of song that echoed even over the din of that bloody field. Magua heard it and, through the throng of savages, rushed to their side.

"Come," he cried, seizing Alice in his blood-stained arms; "the wigwam of the Huron is still open!"

In vain Cora begged him to release her sister. Across the plain he bore her swiftly, followed by Cora and David. As soon as he reached the woods, he placed the two girls on horses that were waiting there, and, never heeding David, who mounted the remaining steed, dashed forward into the wilds.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MODERN TREATMENT FOR COLDS IS VAPEX

In the early stages of a cold, 'flu or catarrh the germs are chiefly congregated in the nose and throat, readily accessible to antiseptic treatment. Vapex, being a vapour antiseptic, reaches every part of the respiratory system by the simple act of breathing, attacking all the germ nurseries at once.

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

Vapex stops colds and 'flu by clearing a way through the mucus-laden passages and destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of your nose and throat. Put a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief, wait a few moments until the pleasant, powerful vapour begins to rise, and then breathe it deeply and frequently into the nose and throat.

Each breath you take will in this way assist nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately—respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stiffness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

As a protection against colds and 'flu, Vapex is simple and inexpensive. Office workers, school children, cinema-goers—all need a safeguard such as this, for cold germs are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

ALL-DAY PROTECTION

A single sprinkling of Vapex on the handkerchief will last all day, because Vapex has the unusual property of gaining strength when exposed to air. Breathe the antiseptic vapour deeply and often for the quickest results—it is quite harmless to human tissues and contains no habit-forming drugs which require increased dosage to obtain effect.

From your Chemist, 2/- & 3/-



The names of all these things found in the countryside begin with the letter D. Do you know what they are? Answer next week

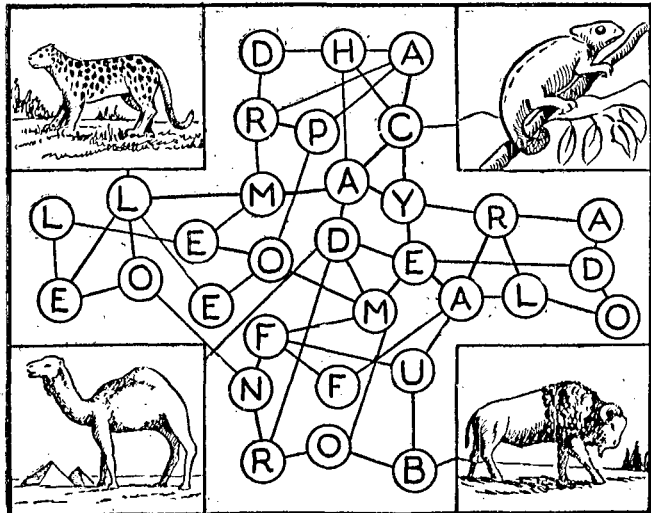
No More Needed

"HAVE you given the goldfish fresh water, Mary?" a lady asked one day of her maid. "No, mum," replied Mary; "they haven't finished the water I gave them yesterday yet."

THE MAJOR

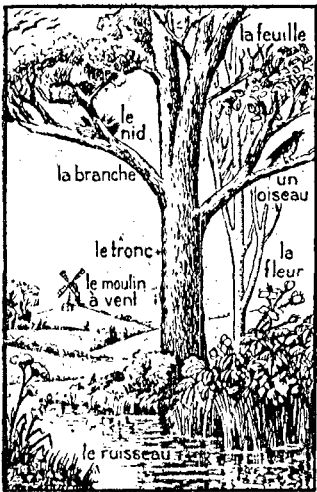
THERE once was a fiery major Who tossed with a bull for a wager, When he woke in the ward, There was none to applaud; Now that major I'll wager is sager.

What Are These Animals?



SPELL the name of each animal illustrated by going from letter to letter along the lines. Start each name from a picture. Each letter must be used once only. Answer next week

The Tree—L'arbre



Voici un bel arbre. Son tronc est très gros. Sur une branche un oiseau chante. On voit aussi son nid, parmi les feuilles. Dans l'herbe, au pied de l'arbre, il y a des fleurs. Devant l'arbre coule un ruisseau. Au loin, on aperçoit un moulin à vent.

Surprises of the Atlas

EDINBURGH is not due north of London; it is 120 miles west of the capital of the Empire. Liverpool is as far north as the cold regions, Labrador, Hudson Bay, and Alaska.

Montreal in Canada is 450 miles south of London.

Land's End is not the most westerly point of Britain; there are several parts of the Scottish coast farther west.

Abernethy's Biscuit

THE famous Dr. Abernethy always had a ginger biscuit attached to string hanging in his room. This he declared was the best weather teller that anyone could have.

The ginger in the biscuit is very sensitive to moisture in the air, and in this way quite a good weather teller is formed. The best plan is to knot a piece of string through a hole bored in the middle of the biscuit. Feel your biscuit every day, and if it seems very soft you may be sure that rain is coming. On the other hand, when the biscuit is hard and dry the weather is likely to be fine.

Paper That Will Not Burn

YOU can prepare a paper that will not burn when held in a flame by saturating ordinary writing paper—not the glazed kind—in a strong solution of alum. Saturate the paper three times in succession, drying it after each soaking, and then the flame will have no effect on it.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Jan. 21. Henry Hallam, the historian, died . . . 1859
22. Lord Byron born . . . 1788
23. Charles Kingsley died . . . 1875
24. Frederick the Great born . . . 1712
25. Robert Burns born . . . 1759
26. Edward Jenner died . . . 1823
27. Admiral Hood died . . . 1816

Robert Burns, for all time the poet of Scotland, died at Dumfries on July 21, 1796, when only 37. A son of the people, he won the hearts of the people with his songs. Reckless and intemperate, he was yet one of the most warm-hearted and lovable of men. This is how he wrote his name:

ROB BURNS

LACONIC

WHEN Philip of Macedon wrote to the Spartan authorities, "If I enter Laconia I will level Lacedaemon to the ground," he received in reply the word "If." It is not surprising, therefore, that a short, pithy saying expressing much in few words is described as laconic, after the Laconians.

MYSTERIOUS CREATURE

I AM neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, yet frequently stand on one leg. If you behead me I stand on two legs. What is more strange, if you behead me again I possess four legs. What am I?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus, Jupiter, and Mars are in the south-west, and Saturn and Uranus are in the south. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening, January 24.

A New Jack Horner

STUDIOUS John Horner, Of Latin no scorners, In the second declension did spy How nouns there are some Which, ending in um, Do not make their plurals in i.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Alligator, ambulance, axe, adze, anthill, aardvark, aeroplane, Acropolis, anteater, abacus, amphora, amphitheatre, armadillo, avocet, alpaca, albatross, agave, adjutant, asp, admiral, anchor, abbey, aye-aye, Arab.

Half-Hour Cross Word

Transposition

Peal, leap, pale, plea

Charade

Pur-chase

PIANO BOW
O BULGE E
SALAD ATE
EDENTREK
M COW N
TIRE TIRON
AXES SNARE
PELEGGY A
END AESOP

Jacko Kicks Off



ONE of Jacko's Christmas presents was a football. While he was waiting for Chimp one morning he dropped the ball on the lawn and took a flying kick at it. It landed fair and square on the kitchen chimney-pot. And there it stayed, sending the smoke down in clouds—all over Mother Jacko's newly-washed clothes.

Five-Minute Story

The Ivy Curtain

"I'll go and explore behind the ivy curtain," said Doris.

She was staying in the country with her aunt, whose house was in a lane which had been cut out of the side of a hill. In some places you could see the bare rock, in others long trails of ivy grew so close together that they really did look something like a curtain.

Doris parted the long stems with her hands and slipped behind them, letting her curtain fall into place again.

"Why! There is a tiny path here," she said. "I will walk along it as far as I can."

She was not frightened at the dim light, or by the rustling noises which she made as she pushed her way along. And how delighted she was when she came to a little cave.

"What a lovely place!" she cried. "I'll hide here. No one will guess where I am."

She sat down on the sandy floor and parted the ivy before her, so that she could peep into the lane.

Her mother and auntie had just turned the corner.

"I'll jump out and surprise them!" thought Doris.

As they got nearer she heard her auntie say, "It must be a secret, of course. Doris must not guess that we are going to have a long day at the seaside tomorrow."

Before Doris had got over the surprise of hearing this they had walked past her hiding place. When they were out of sight she came out of the cave and did a little jig in the lane.

"Now I've got a secret, too," she said. "Mummie and auntie mustn't guess that I know their secret."

So when Mother said, as soon as Doris went indoors, that bedtime was going to be early because country air made little folk tired, Doris smiled, but did not say that she knew she must go to bed early to be ready for a long day's pleasure tomorrow. She did not tell about her cave, either. That must wait until another day.

The clock struck six as Mother came to call her the next morning.

"Wake up! We are going to the seaside today, Doris!"

"Hurrah!" cried Doris. "What a lovely surprise! Some people know how to keep secrets, don't they?"

PLEASE

Help the Newsagent, the CN, and yourself by placing an order for the paper to be delivered each week. It is the only way to make sure of receiving it regularly.

Children's Newspaper ORDER FORM

Please deliver the CN each week to

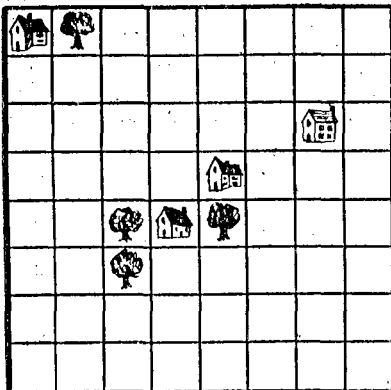
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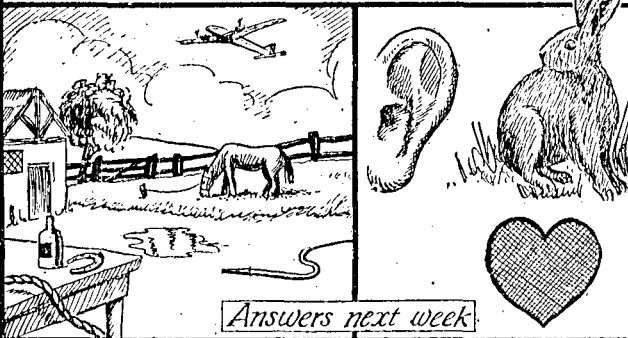
and charge to me

Fill in this Order Form and hand it to your Newsagent.

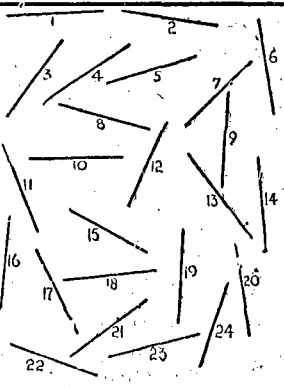
THANK YOU



PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



Answers next week



Divide this land into four parts of equal size and shape so that each part includes one house and one tree.

In this picture the names of a number of objects end with the letter E. How many of them can you find?

Add a letter to the name of the first object, rearrange, and form the second. Add another, rearrange, and form the third.

Two lines here are longer than the others. Can you see which they are without measuring?